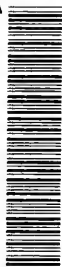


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POEMS

BY

2nd Lt. W. E. SMART, B.A.

that, if not all, of these were
written at the age of 19.

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POEMS

BY

2nd Lt. W. E. Smart, B.A.

Written whilst a student at
St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

He was afterwards killed whilst
leading his men in an attack
near Cambrai, on October 11th,
1918, in his 24th year.

LONDON:

ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL,
29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4.



Watts' "Hope"

Alone she sits on the deserted orb,
The last of all her race,
The bandage o'er her blinded eyes conceals
Her sorrow-laden face.

One only star, to her invisible,
With dim uncertain glow,
Is left to battle with the darkness now,
The all-victorious foe.

Over her broken harp with loving care
She, bending low, caresses
The one string left, and pours a melody,
Forgetting her distresses.

The light of that one star she cannot see,
Her loneliness she feels :
Yet from that solitary string in hope
Sweet melodies she steals.

May Day

Bells are ringing out from every steeple :

Say, what is their message blithe and gay,
What the news they bring to all the people ?

“ ’Tis May Day.”

Children on the village-green are dancing,

Clad in white on this glad holiday ;
What’s the meaning of this merry prancing ?

“ ’Tis May Day.”

Here a pretty maiden, blushing sweetly,

Like a queen rules o’er the roundelay ;
Say, why is she crown’d with flowers so neatly ?

“ ’Tis May Day.”

And the joy-bells ever will be ringing,

And the children on the green alway
Merry carols to their queen be singing

On May Day.

Oh, that I the joy might ever capture

Of the village children at their play !
Oh, that I might ne’er forget the rapture
Of May Day.

The Moors

Around me the heather and bracken,
Above me the cloudless blue sky,
At my feet a murmuring streamlet
Which frets as it passes me by.

No wall to be seen ; open moor
Stretches off to the sky-line afar,
No sign of man's handiwork is there
This scene of wild nature to mar.

Alone I recline by the water,
This tough upland grass for my bed,
And a rock by the ages uncovered
Affords me a rest for my head.

The world is at peace all around me,
At last have I found nature's home :
But heaven itself I should call it
If here we together could roam.

No idle chatter can harm us,
No foolish tongues shall we find,
As lost to the world here we follow
This wandering stream's every wind.

Then come to the moors with me, dearest,
And feel the fresh wind on your face ;
Alone 'mid the heather our peace
We shall gain at last in this place.

A Prayer

When deepening shades of evening fall
 In silent wonder wrapping all,
 That calm and purest dreams be thine
 Till o'er the earth glad morning shine
I pray.

When day's swift herald with rosy light
 Gilds all the east with glory bright,
 That safe God's angels thee will keep
 Till day once more is lost in sleep
I pray.

Roundell—Weep Not !

Weep not, dear maiden, when the day
 With gathering thunder seems too hot,
 And hard and slippery is the way :
Weep not.

Though late you find he has forgot,
 Who swore to you e'en yesterday
 That out your memory nought could blot.

Those tears will soon your looks decay,
 And beauty fair is worth a lot ;
 A truer lover comes to-day.
Weep not.

Death

Death, like her sister sleep,
And born the self-same day
Leads souls, tho' mourners weep,
To that eternal day,
When sorrows all shall cease
And tears shall be no more ;
From these death gives release
When our vain life is o'er

No tribute let us give
Of tears to dear ones dead ;—
The soul must ever live,
The grave is but a bed.
But rather let us pray,
To God (and not repine)
That the bright heavenly ray
Of peace will o'er them shine.

In that blest home above,
On that eternal shore,
In heaven, crown'd by love,
Where partings are no more,
Our dear ones we shall greet,
In sparkling raiment bright ;
And never leave that seat
Of everlasting light.

Serenade

The nightingale is singing,
His music fills the night,
While here beneath thy window
I watch till morning light.

Dream on then, oh my dearest,
A faithful watch I keep :
No harm shall e'er befall thee
Then sleep, beloved, sleep.

Now riding through the heavens
The moon with silver beams
Her glorious light revealeth,
And each star brightly gleams.

While here beneath thy window
A faithful watch I keep,
No harm shall e'er befall thee ;
Then sleep, beloved, sleep.

Ululatio

Boundless moors, and vast expanse
Of emptiness,
Where peewits cry o'er bog and peat
In loneliness.

Waving heather, toughest grass,
With here and there
A straggling clump of bilberry
To greet the air.

Full weary of the city throng,
Its bricks and stone,
I long to battle with the winds
There all alone.

This ceaseless round of gaieties
And rush is dreary ;
I long to feel the moorland breeze—
Oh ! I am weary !

Hope

Fighting the world alone,
Why should I be
Henceforth for ever
Parted from thee.

Lost all I care for
Dearest and best ;
Eternally struggling
Here is no rest.

For sad is our lot
In this earthly strife ;
Whether we sink or rise,
All, all is strife.

Yet in the end comes peace
When strife is o'er,
When we attain our rest
Battling no more.

Whether in light we walk,
Or darkling grope,
Yet is there one thing left—
Still have we hope.

Then let us, whate'er befall,
Ever hope on,
Hope we shall meet again,
When life is done.

Lines Written in Dejection

Shadows are falling
 Over the plain,
 But my thoughts in the hills
 Wander again.

There rears the poplar
 Its tall waving head ;
 Here are the willows
 Drooping instead.

“Glorious freedom
 Here we attain,
 Freedom of vision
 Over the plain.”

This they call freedom,
 When freedom it kills !
 Sooner I'd be a slave
 Chain'd in by hills.

It's oh ! for the moors
 With their dark springy peat !
 Oh ! to feel heather now
 Under my feet !

Land of adoption,
 Oh ! when shall I be
 Back in the north-land
 To revel in thee ?

Constancy

When flowers no longer bloom in spring,
 When clouds no longer pass above,
 When warmth the sun's rays cannot give,
 Then only will I faithless prove.

Till then my love shall constant be,
 Born of that truer love divine ;
 For e'er the world was fashioned
 It was decreed I should be thine.

Two Rondelets—on His Sister's Return

At last
 She has said by her tome,
 At last
 The long journey is past ;
 From the south has she come
 To her far northern home,
 At last.

Ere long
 She will have to return,
 Ere long,
 With the "good-bye" song
 In her ears : not to yearn
 In her absence we'll learn
 Ere long.

Vilanelle—for a copy of Browning

Oh, writer of dramas and plays,
 My comfort in every despair,
 I would revel in all thy lays.

On thy open pages I gaze
 With reverent awe and care,
 Oh, writer of dramas and plays.

Thy poems with many arrays,
 Each innermost thought lay bare ;
 I would revel in all thy lays.

I have pondered for many long days
 On tragedies or lyrics fair,
 Oh, writer of dramas and plays.

Yet do I know none which betrays
 Deeper insight than thine so rare ;
 I would revel in all thy lays.

I crown thee with poesy's bays,
 To weave in thy silvery hair,
 Oh, writer of dramas and plays ;
 I would revel in all thy lays.

Night

Brightly gleaming boat of silver,
Floating in a starry sea,
Do thou bring with sweetest slumber
Calm and blissful dreams to me.

Far and wide has night outspread
O'er the world her raven wing,
Stars that keep their faithful watch
Sweetest lullabies now sing.

Moon and stars alone are wakeful,
All the world is wrapped in sleep,
Sorrows now are all forgotten,
Dry the tears of them that weep.

The Land of Dreams

There's a country known to the children ;
Each night they journey there,
When the stars shine bright in the heavens,
And the sun has lost its glare.

None work in that happy land,
For the window of every shop teems,
With toys for the children who reign,
In that glorious land of Dreams.

No "grown-ups" there are seen,
For a maiden is Queen of the May,
And the only law they enforce,
Is that childhood shall last for aye.

There they meet with Peter Pan,
And his pirates and Indians too ;
And they feast on the nectarine's fruit,
And drink the evening dew.

Oh, I would that I once more,
Could travel to that far land,
Where May-day knows no end,
And join the children's band.

Three Rondelets—Compulsion

I must,
 You say, compose for you a verse,
 I must ;
 Nor gather 'neath my pen the dust ;
 Then let it be both short and terse,
 If you will have me make bad worse,
 I must.

I will
 Attempt to do your bidding then.
 I will
 Employ for you my finest quill.
 Though such I fear is past my ken,
 At your request I'll test my pen ;
 I will.

'Tis done,
 My weak attempt has lost its hold,
 'Tis done.
 My new-born power has come and gone,
 The fire is quenched and now is cold,
 My lost afflatus ; but, behold,
 'Tis done.



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